UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Do You Know?

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Why Christians Fought

By EDWARD A. LEWIS

Social Unrest

By PAUL HARRIS DRAKE

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EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVI THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18 Number 9

INDIAN SUMMER.

It was a day of tender haze
That shrouded half the earth.
Along the leafy woodland ways
Awoke no sound of mirth.

There was a silence in the air
That breathed upon the dust,
And made the grasses tall and fair,
And all the flowers august.

A magic not of light or shade
Was laid upon the stream.
And every nook in glen and glade
Was steeped as in a dream.

A mystery held the skies in thrall,
And no wind loosed its breath;
Hushed nature dreamed, while over all
There slept the peace of death.

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

For those of us who were opposed to the War, conscription, the espionage law, the League of Nations, it is impossible not to have felt a large degree of satisfaction over what happened on November 2nd. Now that the election is over, however, and we are beginning to turn attention away from what has been to what yet shall be, we find ourselves wondering just wherein and why we should have been pleased. Except for the League matter, what hope is there for any kind of true progress and liberation from the oligarchic government which will be set up for us by Mr. Harding? In domestic affairs certainly, we have before us four years of social and economic reaction, with another disgusted overturn exceedingly probable in 1924. For a few hours after the news of the election tidal wave, we had horrible visions of millions of American citizens thrust into jail for resisting the government in time of war, but we imagine that A. Mitchell Palmer did not dare to tackle the rebels that said their say at the ballot-box. It is one thing to assault a group of obscure and friendless communists, and quite another thing to face the uprising of an entire people. On the other hand, however, Mr. Palmer may have concluded that the triumph of the Republicans meant no very great change after all. Which makes us wonder if the oscillation between the two great parties is going on forever! Are the people never to repeat the achievement in 1852-60, of founding and putting through to victory, a new third party?

Before election is one thing, and after election is "another yet," as Potash and Perlmutter put it. Especially is this true if the election results in the utter destruction of all our hopes! Before the unprecedented landslide of November 2nd last, the Democrats were talking incessantly about the League of Nations. More and more, as the campaign drew to its climax, this issue was forced to the front. Republican pro-Leaguers deserted their party and joined hands with Cox and his supporters in teaching voters that, in voting for Harding, they were voting against the League. This was "the great and solemn referendum," laid down by President Wilson, and no extraneous issues could change that momentous fact! Now the election has been held, with results that are impressive, to say the least; and, lo and behold, we suddenly learn from the defeated Democrats and their discomforted Republican allies, that the question of the League was not involved in the balloting at all! Thus the New York *Times,* than which no paper was more insistent during the campaign that Harding's election would mean the rejection of the Covenant, soberly declared, in its issue of November 4th, "that it cannot be said that the contest was decided upon the Treaty issue. It was anything, everything but that." We wonder if the League advocates would have said this, if Cox and not Harding had been the victor. We doubt it! Many of the pro-Leaguers, in other words, are poor sports. They are defaulting payment on notes bearing their endorsement. But fortunately such talk after election is of as little consequence as similar talk before election. The League has been rejected once for all by the American people, and that should end it!

How many people know the amount of money which is being spent in this country for military purposes, and more especially the relation which this amount bears to the funds spent for constructive or redemptive purposes? Two years ago and more, we fought a war which cost us 70,000 dead, 250,000 maimed and wounded, and uncounted millions of dollars, to end forever the menace of war and all further need, therefore, of armaments in preparation for war. What has this availed us? *The Woman Citizen,* quoting statistics compiled by the Bureau of Standards at Washington, informs us that out of every dollar paid into the national treasury, ninety-three cents goes to pay for past and future wars—for the war debt, pensions, war risk insurance, the army and the navy. A little over one cent of each dollar, on the other hand, goes for the departments of government dealing with human welfare—education, agriculture, public health, women's and children's welfare, libraries, scientific research, etc. The remaining five cents and a fraction

is spent on the machinery of government, public buildings, and the like. A survey of other countries, especially those which fought Germany "to make the world safe for democracy," would of course show similar results. And we actually have the audacity to assert that we are civilized and Christian!

We would not willingly put any obstacle in the way of the Fourth Red Cross Roll Call now (November 11-25) under way in this country. Nevertheless, there are one or two matters of which explanation might well be demanded by those planning to join the organization at this time. For example, Mr. George Lansbury, in his new book, "What I Saw In Russia," testifies that in the face of unprecedented need of medical supplies and service in Russia, the Red Cross was not to be found there. This organization is of course supposed to be non-national and non-political, purely humanitarian in its activity. Millions of people the world around support it, because it is pledged to bring relief to human suffering on both sides of every battle-field. And yet at the very time when Mr. Lansbury found the Red Cross giving aid to Poland, it was refusing aid to Russia. What wonder that he "wondered what had become of the international Red Cross"; and advises that

> before any of us give another penny to such organizations, we first of all require an undertaking that the Red Cross societies put all their resources at the service of *all* who need them, whether in time of civil or racial wars.

We would not urge that anybody deny assistance to the Red Cross because of its failure to serve Russia and the Russian people in their extremity—the feeling against the Soviets is a mania not to be punished but cured! And one means of cure is to give our help ungrudgingly, for the good that still is done, and use this giving as an occasion to remind the Red Cross that the Russians, even under the Bolshevist rule, are humans!

The Hall of Fame did much to retrieve its badly damaged reputation when it reluctantly inscribed upon its tablets in 1910, the name of Edgar Allan Poe. It again justifies itself this year when it accepts the honored name of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), an American, and a famous American, if there ever was one. But the Hall of Fame must still remain something of a joke, so long as it continues to exclude such men as Walt Whitman and Theodore Parker. Of Whitman, the fame has gone around the world. We suppose that it would be impossible to select a jury of competent men in any country in Europe, to pass upon the most famous and distinctive personages of American life, which would not name "the good gray poet" among the first half dozen. And yet here in his own country he still stands as a prophet who is "without honor." As to Theodore Parker, there may well be more question. He was too much of a fighter, and we are still too near the heat and fury of his battles, to judge him aright. His defects still press hard upon his virtues. We doubt, however, if upon any other man of his time, save Lincoln, is laid so surely the seal of immortality. He was the greatest of America's preachers, and one of the greatest of all her sons. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* (ninth edition) speaks truth when it says—"With all his numerous defects, Parker ranks among America's great and noble sons, and may perhaps obtain finally a place amongst the world's great men."

It was way back in the eighteenth century in France that Chaumette created a sensation and achieved a great reform by providing separate beds for patients in public hospitals. Today it seems an almost incredible thing that invalids should ever have been denied the comfort and security of separate beds. And yet in its time this was an amazing innovation. We wonder if there are not reforms of an equally obvious and radical character which still await accomplishment in our own enlightened day. Something of the kind is at least suggested in the announcement just made by the Fifth Avenue Hospital in New York, that in its new building, now under process of construction, *"every sick person shall have a room alone to himself or herself."* . . . "The mere thought of putting two or more sick people together, should be argument enough against it. The ward system, although universally practiced for economy's sake, is a relic of the dark ages of hospital practice." Here is something which is absolutely new, so far as we know. The putting of many sick people into a single room seems to us to be quite a matter of course; and yet one hundred years from now, will not people look back on this wretched system and shudder at it, just as we do when we look back at the eighteenth century and see sick people crowded into common beds? Verily, verily, it is the evil right under our eyes that we do not see. Horrors which have become sanctified by custom are by us not seen as horrors, but as quite sensible and justifiable arrangements. Then appears some genius of method, or prophet of vision, who sees the facts, and a sweeping change is made! The plan of the Fifth Avenue hospital marks the opening of a new era in the care of the sick. We congratulate the managers of this institution upon so great and beneficent an achievement.

The Catholic church was strongly opposed to woman suffrage and fought a stalwart fight against this sweeping political innovation. Now that the change has come, however, the hierarchy is not slow in persuading the women members of the church to exercise their rights of franchise. Reports from the recent election indicate that Catholic women voted quite as generally as Catholic men; and there were numerous and ex-

tremely interesting accounts of nuns leaving the seclusion of their cells, and entering the strange environment of the voting booth. There are indications also that the Catholic church is not going to be slow in the matter of assisting its devout women members in solving the problem of what to do with the ballot. Thus, in a recent issue of the *Catholic World,* it is something more than intimated that there are legislative proposals now before the nation which Catholic women should stoutly oppose. "To the question of national education," says this magazine, "to child welfare, marriage and divorce, sex hygiene, and birth control—all of which vitally affect the home and public morals—(they) can not be indifferent. All of these questions will come up before the state and national legislatures. Any Catholic woman who has the power to effect such legislation and does not use that power, is in effect an enemy of true national interests and of Catholic welfare. If she abstains from voting she weakens her own cause, and thus adds to the strength of the opposition—she serves the church or she serves against the church." All which is enormously interesting! It shows that woman suffrage is not without its complications. We have confidence, however, that Catholic women will in the long run be quite as independent as Catholic men, and that there is little menace in their vote to the true progress and uplift of the nation's life.

In W. Somerset Maugham's novel, entitled "Of Human Bondage," one of the characters presents an interesting definition of Unitarianism. "A Unitarian," says Weeks, "very earnestly disbelieves in almost everything that anybody else believes, and he has a very lively sustaining faith in he doesn't quite know what." As we first read this definition, we were inclined to feel, as did the hero of the story, that it was a joke. More serious thought tempted us to believe that Weeks was right when he protested that he had "arrived at that definition after years of great labor and the most anxious, nerve-racking study." We even wondered if Maugham is not himself a Unitarian! A Unitarian certainly "disbelieves in almost everything that anybody else believes"—and proudly so! For the vast majority of Christians still believe, or at least say they believe, a system of theology which has no more reality than the tale of Sinbad. The Unitarian is simply perfectly honest in ridding his mind of rubbish! As for the somewhat doubtful character of the content of his "lively sustaining faith," is not this to his credit also? For who that has looked the universe squarely in the face, and measured his own mind fearlessly against the infinite and the eternal, is ready to answer questions or affirm finalities? We know that many things, long accepted, are untrue; but as to what is true—ah, who can say? To be honest, and to have faith in the unseen and the unknown, this is a part at least of true religion.

Do You Know?

Do you know that the "Lusitania," on the occasion of her sinking off the coast of Ireland, was carrying a cargo of arms and explosives to the British? Dudley Field Malone, collector of the Port of New York at the time of the disaster, has so stated in a speech at the Civic Club in New York on the evening of October 2nd last. Mr. Malone's report to the government on this occasion showed that the "Lusitania" carried great quantities of ammunition consigned to the English government, including particularly a consignment of 4,200 cases of Springfield metallic cartridges, which contained a total of eleven tons of black powder. This report was submitted to the authorities in Washington, and duly hidden away in the official archives. The fact, of course, does not excuse in any way the destruction of the vessel by the German submarine—that remains still a wanton crime against humanity. But it sheds a flood of light upon the truth of the whole situation, especially as affecting the entrance of the United States into the European struggle.

Do you know that the stories of German plots and intrigues, published by the Providence *Journal* in 1916 and 1917, were many of them out-and-out inventions? No paper did more to create the impression that this country was full of German agents, conspiring for the capture and overthrow of the government, than this well-known Rhode Island sheet. Its stories were of a most sensational and circumstantial character, they were quoted all over the country, and helped mightily to persuade American public opinion to sustain our entrance into the War. Now we know, on the authority of no less a man than A. Mitchell Palmer, that these tales were fiction and not fact, and that a confession of the editor of the Providence *Journal* to this effect has been in the hands of the Department of Justice ever since February, 1918. It is further shown that the inspiration for this vile propaganda came from Guy Guant, British naval attache. It is interesting that this proof of the fact that America was deliberately deceived and dragooned into entering the struggle against Germany, was made public only when it was conceived by Washington officials that the revelation might in some miraculous way help to secure the election of Governor Cox.

Do you know that an official report has been submitted to the Department of Justice, practically disposing of the idea that the Wall Street explosion was the work of terrorists? Dr. Walter Scheele, an eminent authority on explosives, after an exhaustive survey of the tragedy, declares in this report, which covers seventy typewritten pages, that he believes the disaster was caused by an explosion of "blasting gelatine." He is furthermore convinced, after "a careful analysis of all the fragments of metal found at the scene of the explosion," that the catastrophe could not have been caused by any terrorist organiza-

tion. The real cause, of course, is still unexplained. But this report of Dr. Scheele is significant when viewed in the light of the fact that crucial evidence was "carelessly" destroyed or lost before the investigators could view it, and that the newspapers stopped talking about the matter with a suddenness which was unprecedented. Is it possible, after all, that the explosion was caused by a collision between two vehicles, and that there are those who secretly know that this was the case? If so, this did not prevent the New York police department getting $200,000, to be spent without public accounting, for investigation of "red" activities!

We believe that the readers of UNITY form as intelligent a constituency as that enjoyed by any magazine in America. We doubt, however, if one per cent of these readers knew the facts stated above, or a hundred other facts of more or less importance, but of the same general character, which might be added to the list. The fact that we know them now, and that thousands of others will know them tomorrow, and thousands more the day after, is of course encouraging. Every miserable lie exposed, every wretched piece of dishonest propaganda uncovered to the light, is fresh proof that truth cannot be permanently suppressed. "Murder will out," after all. In spite of every "conspiracy of silence," facts are destined sooner or later to be revealed.

Such experience gives renewed confidence in the integrity of the universe and of men's hearts. But it would be foolish to dismiss the matter utterly with any such "Polyanna" optimism as this. What is supremely important in this case is not that

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

That is a fact as old as time, without which the world would never have held together at all! What is significant is the discovery that truth can be successfully hidden, and falsehood successfully scattered abroad in disguise of truth, *for as long a period as may be necessary to achieve certain purposes.* Hundreds of facts about the War, hitherto hidden or denied, are now being rapidly revealed, and the cause of ultimate truth thus being served. But what practical good does this do at this late date? The War is fought and done, millions of men are dead beyond recall, a disgraceful peace has been imposed upon a helpless world! Concealments and falsehoods, in other words, have done their work. They have accomplished all that their makers ever expected or wanted them to accomplish. Who, except the lover of abstract truth, cares very much whether they are now uncovered and exposed, or not?

What we have to deal with here is a vast new enginery of deception known as official propaganda. In effect, this is nothing more nor less than the extension and adjustment to the hitherto unexplored field of mob-psychology, of the arts long practiced so successfully in the much more restricted field of secret diplomacy. In the old days before the advent of democracy, when kings and princes and their ministers were alone concerned in this business of making war and peace, it was unnecessary to do more than mislead by false information the chancellories of nations. These were the days of the Richelieus and the Tallyrands and the Metternichs, the men who established for modern Europe the fine tradition that a diplomat's duty was simply to be politely and convincingly for his country. In these present times, however, when peoples have been to some extent or other received into the counsels of government, something more is required than the old-fashioned diplomacy of dark corners and forged telegrams. It is not enough to outwit an ambassador or put an emperor "in a hole." Nations today cannot be taken into a war except with the sanction of their people; the people will not fight unless they are convinced that they are involved in a righteous cause. They must have information, in other words, that they are right and that the enemy is wrong; and obviously, if this information is not available, it must be manufactured. Hence the sudden development of propaganda!—an art made possible by the taking over by governments, into absolute control, of all those marvelous devices of communication which constitute one of the miracles of modern times, and an art now carried over from the armed struggles of war to the political and economic struggles of peace. When the telegraph and the telephone, the newspaper and the popular magazine, first came into general use, we felt that at last we should know what was going on in the world. It seemed as though democracy were miraculously equipped with just that machinery for the gathering and distribution of exact information, in the absence of which it could not hope to function successfully. But now all our expectations are defeated. The very instruments which we had thought would bring us liberation, have brought us slavery. Instead of knowing everything, we know nothing; in place of light, we walk in darkness. Facts? —who is naive enough to talk of facts these days? What is fed to us is either untrue; or, if true, is without significance. What it is very life and death for us to know, is either kept from us altogether, or else perverted beyond recognition. Propaganda, guarded by censorship, cultivated by official pronouncement, is the universal game; and if there be those, like Hanna and Todd and Costello, who will not play it for the fooling of all the people all the time, they are straightway cast into the outer darkness of official exile.

We do not like to deal in exaggerations, but we believe that we are keeping within reasonable limits when we say that democracy has never yet encountered a more formidable foe than this which is here before us. No one thing is more imperative today, if democracy is to survive, than the recovery by the people

of that complete control over the machinery of communication which they now have lost. Censorship of every kind must be abolished, the business of government made absolutely open, and the press redeemed and lifted to a plane of integrity as high as that on which the sciences of the world now move. This is no easy task, and it will be a long time before it is accomplished. Meanwhile, we must protect ourselves by cultivating the most thorough-going scepticism of what passes for news. If a government officer makes an official statement, we must take it for granted that it is a lie. If a newspaper publishes a story, we must not believe it until it is confirmed from some independent source. We must reverse the usual course, and regard all public information, so-called, as false until it is proved to be true. By so doing, we shall be undeceived at least nine times out of ten. For it is better not to know so much, than to know so much that isn't so!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

WITH THE LAYING DOWN OF A BOOK.

(After reading John Masefield's sonnets)

Once on a murmurous night, when all the wide
Slow trailing winds spread moonlight on the leaves,
I watched a child stand looking, wistful-eyed,
Cheek pressed against a crystal pane. The eaves
Hung pale with flowery strands on either side
In fragrant curtains. So she stood between,
Then turned away, and bent her head, and cried,
Trembling to see what she had never seen.

So turn I now. My eyes have looked too long
Upon this regal soul's resplendent song.
Troubled by beauty, dazed by loveliness,
Despondent of my stony aridness,
I cannot stir this page whereon I look,
So, lest my eyes go blind, I close the book.

New York Evening Post. —*Genevieve Taggard.*

Religion

Religion is at once a philosophy and an ethic, a way of thinking and a manner of living. It is the interpretation of all Creation and Being as having their origin in one Spirit called God, and their goal in the realization of the will and purpose of God. The religious man is he who, setting this truth in the very centre of his soul, derives from it both the ideals of his conduct and the inspiration by which he is moved to translate them into the order of fact. He sees the world and life as a spiritual drama in which the play and interplay of circumstance and personality has meaning all through, and in which he is called so to act that the divine motive of the whole be not denied its highest and fullest consummation. Religion is the vital and efficient consciousness that, only as the whole is rightly conceived through thought and insight, and progressively expressed through will and deed, does the individual achieve the purpose of his own existence, fulfil his own life, and attain personal blessedness, in the free and equal society of a universal kingdom of God.

The Inquirer (London). —*R. Nicol Cross.*

THE PULPIT

Why Christians Fought

By Rev. Edward A. Lewis, Kent, Ohio.

When the war broke out we heard the cry from all quarters, "Christianity has failed!" To me this indicates the assumption that at least the larger nations of the world were Christian and that Christianity and war are incompatible.

I think that if almost any one of us were shown two groups of men fighting with each other after having refused to arbitrate their dispute, and were told they were both disciples of Jesus, he would say to his informant, "If you are giving the actual facts of the matter, this Jesus must have been a barbarian."

What is the purpose of Christianity? Most of us would probably agree that its purpose is to bring peace and happiness and good-will into the hearts of its adherents, and to teach men to live together in the spirit of brotherly love. If this be true and Christian nations are found in carnal conflict upon a field of blood it does not take a prophet to see that that religion has failed.

But we cannot say that the world war has therefore proved Christianity a failure unless we can first prove that that war fulfilled all the conditions of this hypothesis. And I do not think that this can be done.

I think we all agree that Christianity teaches men to live in the spirit of brotherly love. We do not believe that Peter would have fought with James. We cannot picture Jesus himself fighting with his own disciples.

If this is true, still the phenomenon of the war does not prove Christianity a failure. It simply proves that not all the nations engaged in the slaughter were truly Christian nations.

If we see two men attempting to take each other's life, we know that they are not both Christians. But have we here sufficient evidence to warrant the conclusion that neither one of them can be a Christian? This raises the mooted question, Will a Christian ever fight?

A Christian is one who follows the teachings and endeavors to live by the spirit of Jesus, called the Christ. Upon one side of the question stand many who claim that he taught men never to fight. They quote him as having said:

> Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you. Resist not him that is evil, and whosoever smiteth thee on they right cheek turn to him the other also.

These objections are answered by other people who quote Jesus as having said, "I come not to bring peace but a sword," and who call our attention to the story of his driving the money changers out of the temple with the lash of a whip and say that this shows he was not averse to the use of force. They also read from the gospel of Matthew where it says that Jesus said:

> Know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.

and they tell us that armed protection is implied in this passage. (Matt. 24:43.)

Will a Christian ever fight? That is the question, and men have found what to them has seemed satisfactory support for both negative and affirmative answers in the records of the life of Jesus. Some say, "According to the Bible a Christian may bear arms and fight under certain conditions." Others say, "Ac-

cording to the Bible a Christian will not fight under any conditions."

We all believe that Jesus was consistent, and he would not teach men on Sunday that they must never fight no matter what the provocation may be; and on Monday teach them that at times, under special circumstances, it is perfectly right and just for them to fight. Yet men come telling us things which seem to indicate that this was what he did. For on both sides of the question are men who have found their arguments in the same book, the same record of the life and teachings of the same man, Jesus.

The truth of the matter is that our records of the life and teachings of Jesus contain no specific treatise on the subject of war, and whether he would ever have sanctioned any armed resistance against a human foe must remain a question to be answered only by the judgment of individuals who base their conclusions upon the meagre words which we have from his lips and the conduct of the ideal man created in their own hearts and souls.

To my own mind the test of a Christian is not whether or not he will fight. The test of a Christian is whether he will earnestly study the moral question which confronts him and, having decided upon the course which, to his mind, will bring the greatest good to the greatest number, will follow that course unflinchingly whether it lead him to the battle-front in glory or to the solitary prison cell in popular ignominy and contempt.

The key to the solution of the whole problem, therefore, lies in the common misconception of what constitutes a Christian. Many people seem to think that a Christian is one who leaves undone all those things which the New Testament says Jesus told men not to do and who does only those things which the New Testament says he told them they should do.

These people draw a picture of the Christian which recalls to my mind the character we used to see in the comic section of the Sunday paper, Prof. O. How. Wise. In every unusual circumstance that came into this man's life he would never know how to act until he had consulted his wonderful book on "What To Do."

Jesus was not the author of a book on "What To Do." He did not tell his disciples they must always try to find some situation in his career which corresponded to the one that was facing them and then act in the same way that he had acted. He told them that right living was more difficult than that (or easier, according to the way you look at it).

It was this that he had in mind when he said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 5:20.)

The scribes and Pharisees were keepers of the law. They were keepers especially of the last jots and tittles of the law. They obeyed all the formal injunctions of their great religious book on "What To Do," —the Torah. Yet Jesus did not consider that this dogged obedience to the prescribed method of justification was sufficient to make a man worthy of entrance to the kingdom of heaven.

What was the matter? What should they have done? They should have studied the Torah diligently in order to learn the spirit of its contents and then forgotten every letter of it and lived according to the dictates of their own enlightened consciences. What did Jesus himself do? Did he obey the law? Not always. If he felt that it was right for him to pick grain and eat it on the sabbath he did it regardless of the common interpretation of words of the Torah. He said, "Ye have heard it said that ye must do thus and so, but I say unto you do otherwise." Where did he get his authority? He got it from his own enlightened conscience which is the only true seat of any moral authority.

Does it not seem ridiculous for those who claim to take this man for an example to insist that in order to be his true followers we must consult his life and teachings whenever we are confronted by a problem in our lives and try to find a parallel in his life and then act as he did? Jesus studied the lives of the prophets and what he thought was good and wise in their teachings he endorsed and taught to others; but when he found teachings which he thought were not as high as they should be he renounced them and put others in place of them.

There are no hard and fast, cut and dried, mechanical rules by which the actions of a Christian life are fixed. The Spirit of Christ, if it is anything, is the Spirit which freeth man from the law. What Paul calls "Christ crucified" which is the spirit of Jesus within the hearts of men and women, is the only authority in moral matters that the true Christian knows. That is why Paul says to the Galatians: "Ye, brethren, were called for freedom." (5:13.) And again, "If you are being led by the Spirit you are not under the law."

In his relations with his fellow men the true Christian consults no book on "What To Do." He is actuated only by the impulse of love radiating from a heart (his own heart) into which the *Sun* of God has shone. In every exigency that arises in his career his course of action is determined by what he considers will further the cause of Christ and bring in the kingdom of God upon earth.

If to him this means to suffer unspeakable torture and persecution in the prisons of a so-called democratic country for the crime of refusing to bear arms against the dictates of his conscience, then the Christian will do that. But if he believes that war alone will end war; if he believes that brute force is the only means of overcoming brute force; if he believes that liberty, democracy, and justice will perish from the face of the earth if he fails to kill his quota of the foe upon the field of battle; if he believes that the good of all is better served by war than by peace, then the Christian will gird up his loins and prepare to engage in the bloody and awful horrors of war.

There are times when one man hurts another because he loves him. There are times when a wise and tender hearted father chasteneth his child. There are occasions when good Samaritans arrive in time to protect their fellows from the ruthless robber's blows. There are times when it becomes necessary to restrain bruite force by force, before men will listen to reason or harken to the teachings of equity and justice. *But each man must always be granted the right to decide for himself whether such a time is at hand.*

My heart tells me that the equality of the rights of individuals is championed by the spirit of Jesus. My heart tells me that it is my duty to do all that I can to protect the innocent against the oppression of the unjust. My very love for mankind makes it necessary for me to champion the vindication of human

right and to oppose any power that seeks its overthrow. But there are various ways in which this can be done. During the war there were some Christians who felt that wholesale murder was not the way to accomplish these ends. They were true to their convictions to the bitter end—and for one hundred and seventy-five of them the end is not yet (two years after the signing of the armistice)!

There were others, however, and their name was legion (and still is!), equally conscientious, who believed that the war was the best way to serve the good of the greatest number at that particular time. That was why Christians fought. It is because before the armistice there were men in France with bullets in their belts and bayonets in their guns who believed that this was a war to end war and that *would* end war, that I say, "Sometimes some Christians will fight."

Why did they fight? They fought because they thought that the victorious outcome of this war alone would make possible the realization of the ideals in which they believed and which were so nobly expressed in the words of President Wilson:

> What we demand in this war is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in, and particularly that it be made safe for every peace loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression.

Two years have now passed since the courage and endurance of thousands and thousands of brave boys, and the life-blood of thousands and thousands more, made it possible for that victory to be attained. But alas! the ideals for which they fought and bled are yet to be established. The noble principles for which our President stood were crushed and thrown aside like worthless bits of paper by the grasping greedy hands at Versailles.

I honor the brave souls who marched forth to lay down their lives upon the field of battle in the living hope that their sacrifice would bring forth justice to the nations; set justice upon the earth; burst the cruel yoke asunder and give liberty to the captive and to them that were oppressed—I honor all such noble souls. They were Christians.

But, friends, we have witnessed the supreme tragedy of the ages for the ideals which they died to establish seem to be as far from realization today as they were upon that fateful summer morn of August, 1914. And when I close my eyes and try to draw near to the spirit of the eternal God I seem to hear a voice saying: "War never accomplishes anything good. When we have stopped killing each other we must begin where we left off to settle the fundamental problems of the world peaceably. And the war itself has unfitted us for the task."

I praise the heroism of those who faced death on no man's land, I honor those who suffered the unspeakable horrors of war in the trenches of France because they believed that in so doing they were helping to bring in the kingdom of heaven—they were Christians.

But I refuse to sing the praises of the God of War and I deny that its bloody hand has ever blessed the world.

How long I shall live depends upon an accident; but it depends upon myself how well I live.—*Seneca.*

CONTRIBUTED

Social Unrest—Its Cause and Cure

The phenomenon of our present-day "social unrest" is attributable to two definite causes—exploitation and parasitism.

On the one hand we have an increasing number of people attempting to live without rendering any socially valuable equivalent in return for what they consume, and on the other hand there appears a vast army of mechanics, artisans and laborers engaged in fundamental production who are working half-heartedly and curtailing production because of their resentment against piling up wealth for their individual employers. Society is divided into these two principal camps.

As the days go by the gulf between the parasitical classes and the producing classes of the population grows ever wider. Sullen behavior and open resentment on the part of the producers is met with appeals from the employers and their retainers to labor to "speed up production" and to lower the cost of living by multiplying the volume of the product.

Such appeals leave labor cold and unresponsive. "Why increase production when the more we produce the more we are exploited by our employers?" argues labor. "Let the unproductive members of society don overalls and assist in the increased production demanded, and no need would exist for increased application on the part of the present workers," is labor's reply to such appeals.

Meanwhile the number of parasitical occupations multiplies by leaps and bounds, and as many members of society as are able to do so flock to the unproductive and "genteel" occupations at the expense and to the neglect of the necessary basic industrial pursuits. There is no social health in such a condition of affairs. "Something is rotten in Denmark."

Everybody who must work for a living prefers to work where his labor will produce the largest return with the least possible expenditure of effort. Consequently there is abroad a tendency to seek out the easier, though low-paid occupations, rather than submit to the recognized exploitation for private gain inseparable from all forms of manual toil.

This growing resentment on the part of the workers against assisting to pile up wealth for a mere employer is a factor of great moment in the present situation. The old-fashioned loyalty on the part of an individual to the person who furnished him with employment is conspicuous by its utter absence today. Jobs are not so scarce and valuable but that the worker may pick and choose for whom he will work. The man who furnishes jobs for workingmen is no longer viewed by Labor as a public benefactor—but as a greedy exploiter intent upon personal gain and gaudy display.

The workers are beginning to feel conscious of the fact that it is the workers who create wealth for the employer, instead of the employer "giving work" to the jobless. The old sophistry is no longer convincing.

Labor is resentful of being treated as a commodity and is demanding to be treated as a human being. The present unrest is as much a protest on the part of labor against being regulated by the law of supply and demand—like so many bushels of corn or potatoes, as it is anything. "Humanity first," is Labor's rallying cry.

Because of the war, old traditions and ancient hy-

pocrisies have been shown to be the shams which they were. Nothing is any longer certain or secure. Great nations have vanished in a night and new societies have been established in a twelvemonth. Labor is awake and observant. It no longer matters whether men live or die so long as the world moves and justice is triumphant. The old sense of protection and security which kings and governments offered and traded upon no longer exists. All forms of stability and cocksureness are in the discard and men are groping for new landmarks, new bearings and new shibboleths.

Men's loyalties have widened with their recent experiences. The old loyalty to an individual prince or patron has given way to the larger loyalty to a principle or an idea. Men therefore spurn the narrow dependence upon persons, which has been the guiding principle of the past, and are striking out boldly in search of a fundamental principle big enough to command their new sense of humanity.

In the light of this new experience, the awakened working man or woman is resentful of all forms of private employment which minister to the enrichment of individual employers. "If I must work, let me work for the common good; too long have I worked for Mr. A. Let me work for myself—through the state—and I will apply myself to the best of my ability; but I am done with earning more than I am paid for by a private boss. So long as I work for Mr. A., the harder I work the more money I assist him to accumulate. My wages are fixed by the law of supply and demand. Why should I apply myself at his behest when I do not profit by such application? No! I will do no more than necessary to hold down my present job. Not until I am permitted to work for myself will I attempt to speed up production." If the average intelligent worker were permitted to voice his exact sentiments, the above would be what he would say. Who can doubt it?

Workers everywhere resent the spectacle of people who do no useful work riding in automobiles and living in sumptuous magnificence. Labor knows that it is *labor*, and not capital, which builds automobiles and produces clothing and food. And labor is consequently sullen and defiant in the presence of such wealth, when Labor, the creator, is not permitted to enjoy in any large measure the objects of its own creation.

Just as kings and czars have been forced to abdicate when their usefulness is at an end, so an awakened producing class within the social economy is demanding the abdication of the private capitalist. And just as kings and princes who refuse to abdicate are swept into the discard by the onrush of events leading up to their overthrow, so likewise will Labor sweep away the private capitalist who is foolish enough to resist the popular demand when the hour of the people has struck.

The truth of the matter is that all forms of private enterprise are increasingly unable to return dividends to investors and profits to managers, and at the same time pay a living wage to the essential workers in such industry. This is the crux of the whole situation. Capitalism is obsolete.

The workers who are able by combination and collective bargaining to force shorter hours and increased wages from private employers, are nevertheless wholly impotent in the matter of holding down prices following wage-increases. Because Labor as yet does not control industry sufficiently to dictate prices, every gain won by strikes and collective bargaining is immediately offset by the ability of the private capitalist to raise the price of a given commodity. Legislation has proven altogether ineffective as a means of regulating prices. Consequently the lot of the average worker remains unimproved by trade unionism. On the contrary, conditions among the poorer classes are becoming steadily worse by reason of excessive living costs plus onerous war taxation. A lowered standard of living is everywhere apparent among the great masses of the population. And even the erstwhile conservative trade-unionist is beginning to sense the colored gentleman in the capitalist woodpile. The paradox of parasitism is apparent. Capitalism must go.

With the evolution of automatic machinery and the growth of intelligence among the masses, a point has been reached where present-day society finds itself quite unable to provide a sufficient number of skilled occupations to absorb the added intellect liberated by our public school systems. The almost complete cessation of immigration to the United States, coupled with the fearful losses occasioned by the war, has made it imperative that millions who have been taught to believe that they were fitted for better things, should be forced into the ranks of the manual workers. Particularly the returned soldier who held military rank during the war is chagrined at finding nothing but ill-paid manual labor awaiting him.

The logical outcome of all these conditions is summarized by the common designation "social unrest." A large element in the population are disillusioned and "sore." With some, anarchy is preferable to a continuance of their unfortunate lot.

Work that was allowed to accumulate during the war because of the concentration of effort necessary to defeat Germany, is crying to be done. The demand of the private contractor is for "hands" and ever more "hands"—to do the heavy, rough, dirty work of reconstruction. The demand for "heads" is insignificant. Society is top-heavy with clerks and brain-workers. More "hands" than "heads" are wanted, so the "heads" rebel.

Everybody, regardless of the social value of his labor, is demanding a share of the good things of life on a scale equal to that of the recipient of unearned income. And why not? Where is the justice of the present arrangement? The politician, the pulpit, and the press taken as a whole are silent in answer to the demands of the workers of society.

It is coming to be recognized that Society cannot afford—for the sake of encouraging a ruthless spirit of initiative and enterprise in a comparatively insignificant portion of the population—Society cannot afford to permit the crushing and debauching of its fundamental producers. Individualism, applied to trade, has run amuck, and must be curbed in the interest of spiritual conservation if for no other more palpable reason.

The development of the commercial instinct in a few aggressive individuals is purchased at too dear a price when such unrestrained development involves the subordination of the legitimate instincts of a great proportion of the useful members of the population. Society cannot afford to raise up a few—however brilliant their attainments—at the expense of the many.

So we are confronted by a seething, sputtering con-

glomeration of "unrest" within the social cauldron. The remedy for this condition of affairs is as simple, if not simpler, than the diagnosis. Eliminate both the exploiter and the parasite. This is Labor's conscious demand. Private enterprise involves a form of servitude incompatible with further progress. Therefore let Society discard private enterprise in favor of social effort. Only the privileged few will be adversely affected by the change.

Private initiative and enterprize have, it is true, created the present industrial plant of civilization. No one would deny credit to whom credit is due. But private enterprise is no longer able to employ all of the people profitably and secure to the workers a decent standard of living. Therefore private enterprise must go! There is no confusing the insistent note in Labor's demand. Social evolution cannot be stayed.

Under private enterprise, by the law of inheritance, parasitism has reached unconscionable proportions. Society is struggling under the burden of insufferable parasitism. The non-producers are riding the long-suffering toilers to their knees. They have abused the privilege accorded them, and the "beast" refuses to rise until the burden is removed. Once parasitism is removed, the "beast" will rise to its feet determined never again to permit itself to be saddled and bridled for the benefit of the non-producer. The last vestige of "privilege" must be eradicated forever. Not until that is accomplished will Society commence to function normally again.

There only remains the *method* by which Society shall purge itself of parasitism—which includes every form of exploitation.

One of two methods it must be. There is no half-way approach to the problem. The capitalist (not capital) must either abdicate peaceably—gathering his chattels with him and hieing himself to some sylvan retreat, in all respects like a dethroned monarch,—or he must capitulate to Labor's demands and assume his proper place in the new social order like a gentleman who realizes that the "jig is up." If he refuses to see the logic of events, and follows neither of the above specified programs, history affords only too plain a lesson as to what will happen. It is becoming increasingly apparent that there is not sufficient room on the earth for both the producer and the non-producer. Labor has issued its ultimatum.

Unless the recipients of every form of unearned income make up their minds voluntarily to forego all future returns upon their several so-called "holdings," they are destined to awaken some fine morning and find themselves obliged to work for a living precisely the same as other unsubsidized mortals.

PAUL HARRIS DRAKE.

A New World

Looking backward, over the Years of Terror that have passed since that fateful August morning in 1914, one is struck by a fearful sense of loss that brings to one the consciousness of premature age. So many we have loved are gone, so many fine, brave spirits lost forever to all the uses and purposes of this world. Sometimes, it seems to us that it is almost impossible to "close ranks," to replace the crusaders who have fallen in the "good cause," that nothing can ever help us in our struggle so much as their presence did, when they were here. Then it is that one resents the Terror most. Who shall say that Randolph Bourne, in the full flower of his courageous youth, was not slain by the war? Who shall say that Horace Traubel, with his warm, forgiving heart, was not a victim of the strife? Who shall say that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, looking eagerly ahead, was not mortally hurt by the irresponsible interference of blind authority with his treasured work? Who shall say that Walter Rauschenbusch had finished his earthly work? Or Walter Weyl? Or Dante Barton? Or William Marion Reedy? All these,—and thousands of others!—were hurried to the grave by the cataclysm of war. And we who are left,—what of us? Are we not scarred, hurt, worn-out before our time? Ah, yes; war, like a red flame, scorches us all, leaves us like singed moths mutely cursing the fire. Shall our children encounter the same fate? No, not in a thousand years. Russia tells us why, points the way where no wars are. That Russia might be born, these great men died and we suffered. The price we paid was not too much. The new world they mockingly told us of when they called for recruits,—it is coming, it is here, in spite of them.

J. W. F.

SELECTED

Otto H. Kahn and Tax Revision

Among the many economic problems receiving consideration by the press are those of high prices and housing shortage. Many solutions are suggested which are thought provoking. Otto H. Kahn of New York, who has written a book on economic problems, has much to say which deserves a hearing. In Dayton recently he advocated tax revision as the first economic necessity. The New York *Times* quotes him as declaring:

that existing taxation measures "fly in the face of economic science, of common sense and of equity." He pointed to the acute housing situation throughout the country as a conspicuous example of the effect of taxation in stifling enterprise and preventing capital from accomplishing its normal function. He held that no remedy for the high cost of living could be effective unless it included "a wise and courageous revision of our existing taxation system."

Among other things, Mr. Kahn said:

"Our existing taxation measures are cumbersome, vexatious and almost incredibly complex. They bear the imprint of class and sectional discrimination. They penalize thrift and industry, and leave the wastrel and shirker untouched. They discourage, disturb and impede business and place the American business man at a disadvantage as against his European competitor.

At a time when America is aiming to become a world centre, they deter foreign capital from coming here. They tend to curtail production. They are a strong contributing factor in bringing about the prevailing high level of prices—a grave and serious evil which can and must be mitigated, a grievous burden particularly upon those men and women who live on moderate salaries and who are all the more entitled to sympathy and redress, as they have borne their troubles with great patience and a noteworthy absence of importunate agitation.

"It may be said: 'Well, supposing a man with a very large income is made to pay up to three-quarters of it in taxes. He still has plenty left.' But that is not the point. The point is not what happens to the rich man—he can protect himself—but what is the effect on the country? Capital for business or for corporate investments is a necessity for the upkeep and expansion of trade and industry. And it is out of annual savings of the individual, after meeting living expenses and taxes, that the means are provided for that necessity.

"Excessive surtaxes accomplish double harm: They greatly diminish the incentive to thrift, and they appropriate to an undue extent the means which ought to be available for in-

dustry and enterprise. And those means are more than ever needed at present, first, because the world is urgently in need of increased production after nearly five years of underproduction during he war, and, secondly, because merely to do the same volume of business as before the war a great deal more capital is required nowadays, owing to the largely increased cost of labor and materials.

"Perhaps the most conspicuous example of the effect of our taxation in stifling enterprise and preventing capital from accomplishing its normal and necessary function, is seen in the acute housing situation throughout the country."

Mr. Kahn quoted statistics to show the withdrawal from mortgage investments of $83,000,000 in Manhattan Borough in the first six months of 1920, or at the rate of over $165,000,000 a year. In seeking a remedy, he said, a widespread demand had been expressed for the freeing of mortgages for construction of private dwellings from State and Federal income taxes.

"Moreover," Mr. Kahn continued, "what is true of the housing situation is true of every other situation, only in other cases the result is not so plainly discernible and not so directly felt by the people. Precisely the same thing which faulty taxation has so largely brought about in stopping building, by discouraging and laming enterprise and making money hard to obtain or not obtainable at all, it has accomplished in a greater or lesser degree in every other field of industrial activity. And the cure is not the haphazard removal of all taxation where clumsily applied taxation presses upon a particularly sensitive spot, as in the case of the housing situation, but to bring about wisely remedial treatment for the whole economic body of the nation.

"I am convinced no remedy for the high cost of living, and the other abnormal conditions which are weighing upon the country, can be effective, which does not include a wise and courageous revision of our existing taxation system.

"It is quite true that even with strict economy in Government expenditures, the burden of taxation must necessarily be considerable for years to come. But every one who has ever had to carry a heavy load knows that the secret of carrying it with relative ease, lies in the way in which it is adjusted. Our tax burden is grossly maladjusted.

"By rearranging it we can vastly lighten the pressure of the load upon the backs of the people and particularly of the so-called middle classes, on whom it now rests with especial and most regrettable heaviness because they are not in a position, generally speaking, to make their compensation keep pace with the mounting costs of living. And among the principal causes for those mounting costs is our faulty taxation."

* * *

"The primary cause of poverty is underproduction."

If that were a whole truth would not the greatest wealth be found in possession of producers and none at all in the possession of non-producers? Would we have industrial depressions while merchants' shelves are loaded with goods that they cannot sell and factories are shutting down on account of what the owners believe to be "overproduction"? It is true, of course, that underproduction may cause poverty, but it cannot be the primary cause. There must be some reason for it. There are a few perhaps who prefer poverty to hard work. But the great mass of people prefer work to poverty. If they do not follow their preference it must be due to some interference, and the nature of that interference is not hard to locate. Very few willing workers may work without permission of the owners of opportunities. This permission is not always withheld from penniless laborers alone. It may be withheld from a worker who happens to be a capitalist. Let an owner of a million dollars, noting the high price of coal and the short time that miners are allowed to put in. propose to develop some of the unused anthracite fields in Pennsylvania with a view to changing the situation. He will soon learn that ownership of natural resources gives power to the earthowner to block production while the privilege of pocketing unearned increment, together with laws that require taxation of labor products, furnish the incentive to block it. Or, noting the housing shortage, let this enterprising capitalist try to build on vacant sites in New York or any other city. He will find again that he must reckon with the landowner and with restrictive tax laws. In fact, he may go through the whole list of industries wherein underproduction seems to be causing high prices and poverty, and he will find the primary cause to be private monopolization of land with taxation of labor and its products as a strong auxiliary.

The New Pilgrims

The most kaleidoscopic, most thrilling place in the United States at this particular moment is Ellis Island —the Plymouth Rock for the new Pilgrims who are leaving war-stricken Europe to reach the land of milk and plenty, America. At this port from ten to thirteen thousand immigrants are arriving each week. Women and children predominate, coming from England and Ireland, from Greece and Armenia, from Czecho-Slovakia and Southern Italy, and from Roumania and Poland. Some of these women and children had gone to their former European homes for visits before the war and were unable to return until the present time; but generally speaking, the arrival of these immigrants signifies the reunion of a separated family. In most instances husbands and fathers living in America have sent for their wives and children; and sons and daughters, determined to make this their future home, have had their parents and brothers and sisters join them. Unlike the pre-war immigration, when many immigrants who came to seek their fortune here were exploited and unprotected because they were alone and friendless in a strange land, this new flood of immigration has been vouched for in advance. For before they may obtain a visa from the American consul or representative in Europe, the prospective immigrants are obliged to present credentials from their American relatives testifying that a haven in the form of home and friends is awaiting them. Then, too, the number of these immigrants would not have appeared enormous before the war, as their arrival and distribution would have extended over a longer period of time. Indeed some there are whose steamer tickets were purchased in 1914.

All have participated in the Great War — and whether actively or passively, spiritually or materially, all have suffered. If their home was in the zone of fighting, they were forced to hide in ditches and trenches, with disease as a possible companion. Where bombs and bullets missed them, hunger found them, and persecution sought them out. With their homes in ruins, their near ones overtaken by death, their spirit remained unbroken, and their faith in the future unshaken. As soon as war conditions permitted, these dauntless creatures with their babies in their arms and their household goods on their backs, began their march to the cities and ports where passports and visas could be procured. Warsaw, Trieste and Danzig, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Paris felt the pressure of the multitude as they poured into these centers. There were some among them who had tramped their way across the continent from Warsaw to Paris in an effort to start life anew.

The wartime regulations requiring passports and visas are not easily or quickly complied with, so that the newly arrived immigrant of today will tell you she has been on her way to America since the spring of 1920. Obtaining visas from as many as six consuls not only consumes time but also money. A sixteen-year old Galician girl who recently joined her relatives in the West explained that she first traveled from her home to Warsaw to apply for her passport. After three weeks' waiting at a hotel, she succeeded in obtaining it, paying the usual fee of course. Then

she went to the American consul for a visa. This did not take as long as the passport, but she spent another two weeks at the hotel while she applied for the rest of the necessary visas. From the American consul she went to the Dutch consul; from the Dutch consul to the German consul; from the German consul to the French consul; then finally back to the Polish officials. More fees and more hotel bills. Began the waiting at Rotterdam for passage. So depleted was her fund when she finally arrived in New York city that the money which awaited her from her western relatives proved a dire necessity. Exorbitant hotel and lodging bills, profiteering by the natives of the port cities in Europe—a phase of human nature ever ready to assert itself—the necessity for a twelve-day quarantine at some of the ports of embarkation to ensure against contagion and disease—these also have played their part in the attempt to dishearten the prospective Americans. Curiously too, before the war, the immigrant whose relatives were in Europe was in danger of being exploited on the American side. Now the situation is reversed, and the danger seems to lie on the European side.

An excited father burst in one day to show a cablegram he had just received. He had sent passage money to his fifteen-year-old daughter for herself and her two little brothers, and the cablegram read that the children (whose mother had died during the war) were stranded in a port, their money having apparently been taken from them.

Two women, one with a daughter of ten, the other with two younger children, had escaped from Ukraine into Constantinople. There they were forced to wait for over six months until their husbands in America succeeded in getting money to them and they could finally procure passage. The little girls learned to speak Turkish, but the lonely mothers were not as easily adaptable in a country whose people and language were so totally strange, and they suffered in consequence.

In a number of cases the families en transit have been forced to divide forces because of this unexpected and unanticipated encroachment into their exchequer, and also because passage could not be obtained on the same steamer for the entire family. In one instance, the twenty-year-old daughter arrived in America to join her father, leaving her mother with two younger children in Paris until the father could forward additional money so they might continue their journey.

And measles, and scarlet fever and diphtheria and all the other child-loving ills have added to the cost of the journey, both in anguish and in money. It is not an unsual occurrence to learn that an entire family is held up for months because of the illness of one of the children, with the anxious father in America sending money and cablegrams to the equally anxious and frequently destitute mother in Europe.

Yet behold the miracle! "How could you stand it?" I asked a girl who had told a tale of war; of bombs dropping about them; of starvation; of the horrors of pogroms. "We had hope," she said simply. "Without hope we would have died. . . . And see—we are here, my sister and I in America. Now we are with our father, we can begin again." "We can speak a little English," she added proudly; "we studied for three months in Warsaw and in Paris, while we were waiting for our passports and the steamer."

Something of the awe and reverence we feel for the early pioneers stirs us as we talk to these newcomers. We marvel at their courage; we shudder at the fearsome difficulties which they encountered. We timidly appraise ourselves: our bodies like theirs may have survived—what about our spirit?

To be invited for an "automobile" ride in her son's Ford car by an elderly woman who called in state, becomingly gowned in a black silk dress of the year 1840 with a cap to match, was rather an auspicious occasion, when one recalled that until now this same woman had not been in communication with her "rich" sons since 1914. During that period she had lived on a certain grain which, if it was not too old, did not cause any serious eruption of the skin, but which did, if the grain was more than a year old, cause severe internal disturbance, as well as an external rash. "So what did you eat?" "Well then we waited a few days," she smiled benignantly—"and we ate the same grain again."

One young Polish woman who was on her way to her mother's house, having just arrived from Vienna, where she had waited two years before she could continue her travels, stopped at every bakery to feast her eyes upon the pastries. She was not tremendously impressed with her surroundings in her new home on Essex street and was frank in her statement that she thought Paris was much cleaner. Nevertheless a week later we found a beaming and enthusiastic girl. She had attended her first "ball" with her mother and had danced all evening for the first time since the beginning of the war. "We went to dances, yes—but we could only dance once or twice in the evening because it made us too hungry. The gentleman always brought his lady a piece of bread—instead of flowers and candy," she dimpled. "If your escort was a rich gentleman, he brought you a piece of meat too. But now I am happy. . . ."

Not much is told us of the courage of the children of the Puritan Fathers. But the children who are landing now have shared the burdens and responsibilities of their elders in a remarkable manner. Their new and varied experiences in the different cities in Europe have made an impress upon their minds and imaginations which can be turned to good account and made of real educational value.

A group of children who were being detained for further medical examination before being admitted were busy reading and writing letters. A twelve-year-old girl who had just received a letter from her mother written in Yiddish was answering it in Russian. A fourteen-year-old Roumanian girl who was writing to her mother in French turned to say: "Oh, if I only knew when I could go to my mother. I would fast every holy day and burn candles in gratitude to the All-High, if I were only with my mother," she continued. Little eight-year-old David, who had traveled around the world to join his father, a citizen of importance in his community, looked up from his Russian book (his library contained books in three languages) and shrugged his shoulders: "She talks like a child"—he smiled—"she has no patience."

It is true that while many of the immigrants are being provided for by relatives and friends, there will be many more who must look out for themselves. The admirable traits which these pioneers possess—their enterprising spirit which stimulates the incentive

for their coming, i. e., the seeking of home, shelter, food and happiness derived from a gratification of spiritual and material desires—makes them most desirable human beings and citizens. And we must not overlook the important fact that in every case where a wife joins her husband who is already an American citizen, she is automatically enfranchised.

With the season of the Pilgrims' Thanksgiving approaching, it might be well for us to pause and take inventory: We know what these future citizens have brought to us. What are we going to do for them?

The Survey. —*Cecilia Razovski.*

John Reed

John Reed, American poet, died, a communist, in Moscow, the capital of the future State, of the disease of the revolutionary present: typhus; he was bitten by a sick louse, a doomed parasite.

Jack could have made a song of that, a laughing song, in the days when he sang and laughed. He was a joyous spirit then; I tried to keep him glad. His father asked me to. Jack's father was my friend, and a brilliant man he was; a wit. He was the leading spirit of the leading club of Portland, Oregon; and he played himself, as he wished his boy to play, till he was bitten, as the boy was, by those same deadly, dying things.

Francis J. Heney came to Oregon, prosecuting timber-frauds, seeking with William J. Burns for the proofs of the process by which our forests fell into private hands. The evidence reached up among the commanding men of Oregon, and they controlled, among other things, the machinery of the law. Their U. S. Marshal picked the juries. Heney asked Reed —Jack's father—to be U.S. Marshal and so see that the panels were free and fair. Reed laughed. He guessed what it meant to him, but he took the job; and he did the job. There were convictions and there were hates. Reed's club hated Reed, who faced the hate and bit it with his wit. He had a tongue, as Jack had. It is a story of breed I'm telling.

One day, several years after the timber-fraud scandal, ex-U. S. Marshal Reed invited me to his club. He led me into the main dining-room up to the centre table where "the crowd" lunched. It was the noon-hour; most of the crowd were there.

"There they are," said Reed to me, but for them to hear. "That's the crowd that got the timber and tried to get me. And there, at the head of the table, that vacant chair, that's my place. That's where I sat. That's where I stood them off, for fun for years, and then for months in deadly earnest; but gaily, always gaily. I haven't sat in that place since the day I rose and left it, saying I'd never come back to it and saying that I would like to see which one of them would have the nerve to think that he could take and hold and fill my place. I have heard, and I am glad to see, that it is vacant yet, my vacant chair."

That was Jack Reed's father: tall, handsome, audacious and a wit; a gay and, later, a bitten, bitter wit. He told me about his boy at Harvard and he asked me "to look out for Jack" when he came out of college into life in New York.

"He is a gay spirit," the father said, "a joyous thing. Keep him so. He is a poet, I think; keep him singing. Let him see everything, but don't—don't let him get like me."

I couldn't. I tried, and not for his father's sake only. When John Reed came, big and growing, handsome outside and beautiful inside, when that boy came down from Cambridge to New York, it seemed to me that I had never seen anything so near to pure joy. No ray of sunshine, no drop of foam, no young animal, bird or fish, and no star, was as happy as that boy was. If only we could keep him so, we might have a poet at last who would see and sing nothing but joy. Convictions were what I was afraid of. I tried to steer him away from convictions, that he might play; that he might play with life; and see it all, love it all, live it all; tell it all; that he might be it all; but all, not any one thing. And why not? A poet is more revolutionary than any radical. Great days they were, or rather nights, when the boy would bang home late and wake me up to tell me what he had been and seen that day; the most wonderful thing in the world. Yes. Each night he had been and seen the most wonderful thing in the world.

He wrote some of those things. He became all of those things. He fell head over heels in love with every single one of those most wonderful things: with his job; with his friends; with labor; with girls; with strikes; with the I. W. W.; with socialism; with the anarchists; with the bums in the Bowery; with the theatre; with God and Man and Being. I pulled him out of each such love-affair anxiously at first, but so easily and so often that I soon felt he was safe. I thought I could trust the next most wonderful thing to save him from the last most wonderful thing, so I went off on a long journey, to Mexico. So did Jack, but Jack went, as a poet, to Villa, the bandit, while I went, as U. S. Marshal Reed would have gone, to Carranza's side.

I don't know just what it was that finally caught and took the joy out of this poet and turned him into a poem. He loved a girl, one girl, but Louise is a poet, too, and a vagabond, or she was when she left here in boy's clothes last summer to follow Jack to Russia. And he loved the I. W. W. faithfully and the Red Left of the Socialist party, and, like his father, he hated hate and—all that. I really think it was in the breed. Anyhow, he got a conviction and so, the revolutionary spirit got him. He became a fighter; out for a cause; a revolutionist at home here, and in Russia a communist. He didn't smile any more.

A friend of his and of mine, who travelled, and worked with Jack in Russia last summer said that Jack was "like the other communists in there": he was hard, intolerant, ruthless, clinched for the fight. I could see that Jack had hurt our friend who, having said this, brooded a moment. But then said his friend:

"I wish I could be a communist."

You see, in Moscow, in Soviet Russia, where there are lice and hunger and discipline and death; where it is hell now; they see—even a non-communist can see something to live or to die for. They can see that life isn't always going to be as it is now. The future is coming; it is in sight; it is coming, really and truly coming, and soon. And it is good. They can see this with their naked eyes, common men can; I did, for example. So, to a poet, to a spirit like Jack Reed, the communist, death in Moscow must have been a vision of the resurrection and the life of Man.

—*Lincoln Steffens.*

The Freeman, November 3.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE DOCTRINE OF THE SWORD.

[*Mr. Gandhi is the leader of the pacifist movement in India.*—THE EDITORS.]

In this age of the rule of brute force, it is almost impossible for anyone to believe that anyone else could possibly reject the law of the final supremacy of brute force. And so I receive anonymous letters advising me that I must not interfere with the progress of non-co-operation even though popular violence may break out. Others come to me and assuming that secretly I must be plotting violence, inquire when the happy moment for declaring open violence is to arrive. They assure me that the English will never yield to anything but violence secret or open. Yet others, I am informed, believe that I am the most rascally person living in India because I never give out my real intention and that they have not a shadow of a doubt that I believe in violence just as much as most people do.

I do believe that where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence I would advise violence. Hence I do advocate training in arms for those who believe in the method of violence. I would rather have India resort to arms in order to defend her honor than that she should in a cowardly manner become or remain a helpless witness to her own dishonor.

But I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence, forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier. But abstinence is forgiveness only when there is the power to punish: it is meaningless when it pretends to proceed from a helpless creature. A mouse hardly forgives a cat when it allows itself to be torn to pieces by her. I do not believe India to be helpless. I do not believe myself to be a helpless creature. Only I want to use India's and my strength for a better purpose.

And so I am not pleading for India to practice non-violence because she is weak. I want her to practice non-violence being conscious of her strength and power. No training in arms is required for realization of her strength. We seem to need it because we seem to think that we are but a lump of flesh. I want India to recognize that she has a soul that cannot perish and that can rise triumphantly above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of a whole world.

—*M. K. Gandhi.*

NEWS NOTES ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS FROM B. W. HUEBSCH, INC., OCT. 29, 1920.

They had been discussing theology—a group of Princeton students, forty-one years ago, when the credibility of the Bible was a popular subject of acrimonious debate.

"Some question then arose about the flood;
Tom Wilson spoke, and all was clear—as *mud.*"

"Tom Wilson" is now President of the United States. His biographer, and now his critic, William Bayard Hale, has unearthed this choice bit of poetry from the pen of a classmate, and in his new book, "The Story of a Style," published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., turns it to good use in his dissection of the mind of the present occupant of the White House, whom he describes as a life-long artist in obnubilation.

A miniature Socrates, who taught by the conversational method, around whom, as around his prototype was gathered the most zealous and brilliant youth of the day, died in poverty of pneumonia three years ago, at the age of thirty-two. The stuff of many conversations, the conclusions of endless debates, the wit and intellectual subtlety that made Randolph Bourne's attic room a mecca for many people is gathered together under the title, "The History of a Literary Radical" (Huebsch). Van Wyck Brooks, his friend and fellow critic, has edited these papers and written an appreciative preface.

Rodin, whose colossal statue "The Thinker" has now become so much a part of everyday life that it appears as advertisements for breakfast food, has written an appreciation of another great piece of sculpture, The Venus of Milo, which was brought to the Louvre just one hundred years ago after its discovery by some fishermen in a little bay on the island of Melos in the Aegean. Referring to this fact, and the legend that Venus rose from sea foam, Rodin begins his essay, "Modelled by the sea, which is the reservoir of all the forces, you sway us and enchant us by its grace and calm." This appreciation, together with a portrait of the great French artist and recent photographs of the Venus is published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

From the fruit-carts, hurdy-gurdies and penny-slot machines of the East Side, made everlastingly real in her book, "The Ghetto," Lola Ridge has turned to a more difficult and a less superficial subject. She takes you, not across Brooklyn bridge, but into a child's mind and there, as a vivid and fearless poet makes you look out at the world with eyes just six years old. You see crazy quilts, colors on the wall, cracks in the ceiling and the waists of troublesome grown-ups. "Sun-Up" is one of the first fruits of two modern tendencies, free-verse and Freudian psychology.

The epic of the cabbage-planting machine can be more romantic and more fascinating than tales of sad Lilith, Fu Manchu, or hidden treasure if it is told by a story teller of the first order. "Poor White," by Sherwood Anderson (Huebsch), finds a compelling and a dramatic struggle where few people look for it, along the yellow Mississippi, in the Kansas corn fields, around the post-office of little Ohio towns and even in cabbage patches. Kipling declared that machinery was as romantic as armored knights several years ago. "Poor White" is the first novel to successfully carry out his discovery.

Nature is on the side of the black man, according to E. D. Morel, author of "Red Rubber," "The Black Man's Burden," "Africa and the Peace of Europe," and numerous other discussions related to the subject, who sees the struggle of opposed races in a new light—that of territorial habitability, against which conception there can be little argument. The vast interior of the Dark Continent will not support the life of Europeans for more than a few days. This jungle belongs, by its very intolerable climate, its fevers and lurking dangers, to the impervious negro. And yet it is this section that the white man most covets to exploit, if not to possess, because it contains riches in rubber, precious gums, resins and fibres that civilization needs in ever increasing quantities. These books, written in the ready style of a newspaper man, treating amazing facts, are published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

HUMANITY FIRST.

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be "to rescue man from the scrap-heap to which Interest has thrown him" and its inspiration is found in the following words:

"It is related that Napoleon, when shown an interest table, said, after some reflection: 'The deadly facts herein revealed lead me to wonder that this monster Interest has not devoured the whole human race.' It would have done so long ago if bankruptcy and revolution had not acted as counter-poisons." —Michael Flurscheim.

RECENT IMMIGRATION.

Official records show that 430,000 immigrants arrived in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920. From the total arrivals at New York alone—318,000 in the last six months beginning in April—it is estimated that arrivals at all ports in half a year were 611,000. The character and distribution of the 430,000 are described in an important series of articles by Winthrop D. Lane in the New York *Evening Post*. We tabulate some details of racial groups:

1. Italian, 98,000—south Italian, 85,000; north Italian, 13,000.
2. English, 58,000—United Kingdom, 24,000; Canada, 30,000, the largest English immigration in twenty-two years.
3. Mexican, 51,000—two-thirds male, 21,000 laborers.
4. French, 27,000—From France, 6,500; from Canada, 19,000—family migration largest in twenty-two years.
5. Spanish, 23,500 — unprecedented, 20,000 men, more than half unmarried, many laborers.
6. Portuguese, 15,000—unprecedented, mostly unmarried male laborers.
7. Scotch, 21,000—nearly back to prewar figures.
8. Scandinavians, 16,000 — approximately half prewar figures.
9. Irish, 20,000—large number from Canada.
10. Greek, 14,000—exceeded by immigration of 20,000.
11. Dutch and Flemish, 13,000—back to prewar figures.

The writer finds that these immigrants brought with them $32,950,000 in cash, an average for heads of families or persons traveling alone of $119—two and a half times the average for the prewar year 1914. From this and a study of the occupations represented Mr. Lane concludes that—

"We are not getting the hungry, poverty-stricken masses of war-wasted Europe, as some persons have said. Neither are we getting the *intelligentsia*, parlor Bolsheviki, agitators, and persons of previous high estate whose fortunes have suffered reverse. What we are getting is a cross-section of Europe's working population.

"Laborers and servants are the two largest occupational groups. The distribution of these is interesting. Out of 81,000 laborers 17,000 came to New York, Texas received 18,000, mostly Mexicans. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, and Michigan received the next largest numbers.

"Out of 37,000 servants New York again received the greatest number, 12,000. Massachusetts came next, with Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois following."

—*The Literary Digest.*

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